

POETRY • LYRICS • BRAIN FOOD



NUTHIN' SACRED

Look forward
with respect for the past
And certainty of
of our own power
For the future



#1

LOOK FORWARD
WITH RESPECT FOR THE PAST
AND CERTAINTY
OF THE POWER
OF OUR OWN VOICE
FOR THE FUTURE

NUTHING SACRED
is a
No Bullshit Magazine
of
People and Perception
This mag is here
to be a clear, pure mirror
FEED YOUR HEAD
Bi-monthly
This is issue #1
Welcome To It

DEATH IS AN ILLUSION
LIFE IS THE REALITY

ADR Inc. Inc.

VENICE

The Ocean has witnessed the rise
of Boardwalk Culture

Behind sunglasses, this is my vision:
Bold colors/Broad strokes
Race unity rising with commercial base
Sixties ethics struggle for rebirth

The artists refuge

These people looking for an audience:
Pretty boy in above store window
(An inane bump 'n grind to

Led Zeppelin and no one cares)

Negroes giving drug whispers
Skatepunks and fanatics performing
(Is every move subject to camera gaze?)

The tits and dicks are all big
and tan

So many just rambling
Every corner is a podium,
every food stand a stage

I hear it all as I nod out in the sun
I dream of shimmering mer-people
and feel the dolphin's

wet slippery kiss
that I am only an animal

But put it aside
As videoman turns my way
and asks me to tell him

A joke

LED BY OVERWHELMING!!
! DATE OF U.S. TOUR!!

concert

BUS

9:45. Brutal accident.
Small car, shattered glass -- a traffic jam, we thought

We pass the car and the inevitable gathering:

Head chick in back
Head over seat, mouth and eyes wide open
No blood, just dead
No back winda on this bus" a man observed

"There's no back winda on this bus" a man observed

Next stop Norfolk, 10:15

bael Lutho

with

MISSION

To pierce experience
by force
Draw out its secrets
with silent seductions
that fool no one

To go down deep
into wells
of birth fear
in all back
in songs
of celebration

CITY II

Driving again
I always am
Today through Beverly Hills
The heat and the traffic too much
And all these bums making codeine pirhouettes
on corners

The upturned noses of bluebloods
Classic cars painted red
Rich kids, scrubbed, playing rock 'n roll
in pristine garages
They'll never understand the blues, perhaps
But they keep the rock and roll dream alive

Wealth upon desecration
Images flash neon - I can't believe
It's all a joke here - that anyone can suppress a laugh
The costumes, the poses
Cafe bistros of wannabe Europe --
(what do these people do?)

Traffic controllers in Tower Records
And this is the real world?
I drive through this untouched
but keep it with me
With trepidation

For the future

2810 Main St., Santa M.
Limited Engagement

JAY SOSNICKI '91

PASSAGE

She walked down the hall of her house,
Feeling her footsteps fall.
She felt a strong urge to hold on to the left wall,
But maintained her balance.
She came to the end and turned around,
And studied where she had just been.
She continued into her room.
She was wearing jeans and a green velvet shirt
That she had just bought.
Nothing's changed, she thought.
Nothing changes.
She began to take off her jeans,
But she heard a sound coming from the closet.
Like music.
Not ballerina mind music, but funeral music.
She stared at the door, her jeans half-off,
A breeze coming through the open window.
She put back on her jeans.
The music did not change.
Was she hearing things? Of course she was.
She did every day.
But this was different.
She wasn't bored.
She had an erotic imagination.
Elegant thoughts jogged crazily through her mind.
She went to the door.
Fear aside. Fuck it.
She grabbed the door and yanked it off the hinges.
Who the hell was having a funeral service in her closet?
Nobody.
But all her clothes were gone.
Hangers fought for breath.
She took off her velvet garments. She felt strong.
Like Eve must have felt
With leaves to protect her from death.
And for one waking moment
She took advantage of her own screams.
She put on her headphones,
And started hearing life
Act.

-Conrad Nava

Untitled

Need something of me
Buy time near me
See me floating above you
Feel my heat
Hear my cries
Taste my tears
As I glide right by
Continuing
Remembering

-Stephanie Stark

PLEASURE

Late Night
Post flight
realm of fantasy
Undulations slow, deliberate
Sweaty Catholic guilt-dreams
Make the night
seem sweeter

INSPIRATION

Trouble so far
The day I took youth for granted
(I can think no other way)
The wait tears my flesh, my brain
Head let me sleep
For the nights I've waited
for days to distill
(to articulate experience)
My vocabulary is mager
But when it comes
And I know it's right
Like tonight
It's more than darkdeepmother
Ocean
can give

So warm and wet
I float on this self-assurance
this coverlet
The words are right
Perhaps devoid of meaning
But true

Like the man in the wheelchair
awaiting
Berkeley Nights

J.S.

INSPIRATION II

One single Light from above
Painful pinprick
Gift of sight

Keeps me from the Void
A hum
And Night

J.S.

SHOWBIZ

"Oh yeah, I've seen that face before..."
This ex-dealer still lays on a good line
The con game goes on
unaided by anesthesia
He spins a tale for the eager and feeds
on their interest...
"Here," they think, "is a man who has seen danger,
Known Evil"
He is a magnet for the spirits of followers
Eyes wide, agog -- this man DID these things

And he talks on and on:

yeah he's seen it, done it, shook
hands with it -- saw it last week
in fact -- and yeah, it's still on
the "H"

Lies, but only I know it

I smile. I love this man, this so human comedian
Whose tales need only the spark of truth
to be believed
"I am someone" each line of his story says
And he is so good.

He is not a liar, he is an entertainer

J.S.

J.C.

They had come one by one
(Assembly line fashion)
She lay upon the bricks
Full of promise
First boy enters
Muscles loosen, aided by
Father's spirits
Others look on
and arms pin down
arms

Moon lust

Release

Another

Sweat and semen
Bodies not yet perverted
by nine-to-five

A dark cornfield

A nervous titter
from another girl

Rite of Passage

Sex and Surrender
of the
High School Prom

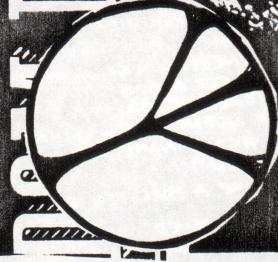
No Helmet

On Hollywood and Highland
Corner

Beneath streetlight and ovation
Two boys on motorcycle
one standing to the bleat
of car horns

The turn a hair too late
His sudden graceful flight
Sprawled on his back,
expression unperturbed
The widening pool as traffic
crawls
And light is green

BUKOWSKI'S



The Fool
Promises
nothing
But leads masses
in secret
To the Garden

Waiting To Hear

I sit and take a shit
I should be DOING something

I know
Have I lost it/Will it come again
It will but still it scores me
This waiting

I drop my book in the drippy sink
I drop my brush in the toilet tank
I drop the broken

I'm flush thing
I wait for my love to call

I'm so hungry and empty
I pick up a pen and write this
Bandage

VA NEWS RE: Smug dry in truth 'Cool As Ice' — a mod
circle story. Producer opus have approached the
most famous member, LISA MARIE PRESLEY, as a poet

BUKOWSKI

Sitting here,
feeling this musicalism
like a once day of
Unweight
Bent from weight
and forgotten
hair
watching a scene
of unperformed
Fiction

SOSNICKI 191

GOING TO HIM

TO COUNTER-BALANCE THE BEAUTY
OF YOUR CHILDHOOD
HERE CAME A BLACK, WOODEN MAN
INTO BEING.
HE LIVED IN THE WOODS
AND YOU SOMETIMES SAW HIM WALKING
NAKED IN A THUNDERSTORM
ALWAYS FROM FAR AWAY
HE HAD EYES LIKE TWO BUTTONS
SEWN INTO HIS HEAD WITH THREAD
AS ORANGE AND BURNING AS AMBER,
AND LONG ARMS THAT STRETCHED
THEMSELVES INTO FIVE UNEVEN FINGERS
WITH NO NAILS.

HE WAS AS SILENT AS AN EMPTY ROOM,
EXCEPT FOR THE DEPTH OF HIS PRESENCE
WHICH HAUNTED YOU
WHEN YOU WERE ALONE WITH HIM,
WHEN YOU COULD NOT HEAR HIM,
AND HE WAS NEAR YOU

OUT OF YOUR PERIPHERAL VISION
YOU SOMETIMES SAW A DARKENED OUTLINE
STANDING NEXT TO A GROUP OF EVERGREENS
OR DEEPLY-SET AGAINST THE BARK
OF A TOWERING OAK TREE.
HE STOOD SILENT AND WATCHED YOU,
AND YOU HAD A NAME FOR HIM.
HE LOVED YOU
LOVED YOU LIKE A FORGIVEN SIN

HE NEVER FRIGHTENED YOU
WHEN YOU SAW HIM HALF-MOVING
OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW AT NIGHT.
BUT SURROUNDING THE DARK WOODEN MAN
WAS A FEELING OF SORROW SO DEEP
THAT YOU STILL CRY YOURSELF TO SLEEP
THINKING OF HIM
ALONE IN THE WOODS.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
YOU WENT FISHING AT THE OLSON FARM.
HE STOOD ON THE OPPOSITE BANK
RIGHT BEFORE THE STORM CAME.
YOU PROMISED YOU'D COME BACK
YOU RAN HOME IN THE RAIN.
AND THEN THE YEARS OF YOUR LIFE HAPPENED
ONE AFTER THE OTHER.
AND JUST FOR A MOMENT
FELT HIM NEAT TO YOU
AND YOU WONDERED
WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO GO TO HEAVEN.

-MARK VOLPE



RUSH HOUR

LA FIRE
ON BEACHES AND MELROSE AVE
EVERWHERE
RAZOR SLICING FOG OF COMBUSTION
ENGINES
BLINDING ME
I AM MOMENTARILY LOST
THEN ENVELOPED
IN THE WARM
ORANGE AND MAGENTA HUES
FOR A SPLIT SECOND I FEAR
DEATHS OF PEDESTRIANS
BUT DRIVE ON UNDAUNTED
SQUINTING AGAINST SOLAR SLIP
AND WATCHING ITS
GENTLE
NOISELESS
DESCENT
INTO FOREIGN
VISTAS

- JAY SOSNICKI



"THE MOMENT" IS GONE

SO IT'S UP TO US TO PICK UP THE SLACK.
NUTHING SACRED WILL BE PUBLISHED
BI-MONTHLY TO AIR VOICES OF
LA POETS

NO PAY. LABOR OF LOVE.
THE GOAL IS TO KEEP THE MAG FREE
FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

SUBMIT POETRY, LYRICS, AND BRAINAGE
WITH S.A.S.E.
TO:

NUTHING SACRED
1921 N. WHITLEY #12
LA, CA, 90068

LOOK FOR ISSUE #2 IN JUNE AT THE USUAL PLACES

